Sabbath

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Sabbath

by deathtraps

Summary

Will is one of last survivors of a post-apocalyptic world. He must make the difficult decision to explore the new world in search for food sources. Not knowing that in the way, he may meet someone rather interesting.

Notes

Honestly... This work gave me too much headache... And it was made for practicing my writing skills...

(((Sorry if this work is offensive for someone in some way-

Enjoy!😿

Silence, darkness.

From the darkness, it emerges a light.

"I may raise the lamb." Someone with a dark crimson red raises with bloody hands to the air the stressed animal, fear in their eyes. A rather unpleasant sight. A group of about five people surrounds him in a circle. He smirks and with a dark voice, he says. "We will thank the Great Red Dragon for this meal. No complaints." Everyone kneels around him. He raises the lamb even higher.

"Now. We will share this lamb. In equal parts." With a dagger, he slits the animal's throat. Which it squeals in pain. Sweet blood that shouldn't be wasted falling to the floor, to his tunic. He doesn't care. This is the start of a new era.

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Will watches the rain fall from the window of the building he's spending the night in... Again... He lays over the tower of pillows. With a match, lighting up the candles he just stole over a week ago.
Radio transmisions died. So he just used the pieces of the radio to craft other kinds of things. That they would be really useful in the future.
Will sighs, shivering. Lately, the temperature has died completely. He may die of hypothermia. But still. The tender heat of the candles lulls him to sleep.

When he wakes up, his stomach is growling. He groans when he doesn't have any food yet. It's still nighttime. Not an intelligent hour to get out of your safe space. But Will is starving, he must eat something.

He stands up, takes some knives, and places them inside his bag alongside a bottle of water and a flashlight. He puts on his dark boots and his long coat. The sleeves completely covered his hands. He shakes it tenderly to let the dust fall to the floor.

He ties his hair in a small ponytail, covering it with the hood of the coat. A gun with enough shots to kill someone if necessary hidden in one of the inner pockets of the coat.

He makes his way out. The rain hit his face. He tries to be agile as a cat, trying to hide in the shadows of the street, in the darkness of the night. As if he didn't exist, he was suspended on

dust, on another dimension, impossible to recognize.

On his way, his eyes could recognize another shadow suspending in the heavy air. He stops dead on his feet. His breathing was inaudible. "Did that shadow see me? Did it recognize me? Was I perceived?" His mind rambled with thoughts. He stood still in his position. His eyes darted around for any movement. "Maybe it was my imagination..."

But no, Will sees it again. The same cast shadow moving in the darkness of the night. A loud bang could be heard in the darkness. Will trembles. The shadow finally shows itself in the moonlight. The knife in its hand glimmered with the light. The shadow's eyes reflected on the knife as if it was made on purpose.
The man was wearing a tunic. His visible eye darted around. It seemed to observe Will. He whimpered. Fatal error.
The man in the tunic moved his head around, searching for other sounds. His visible maroon eye glimmered showing happiness, and glee. Will is terrified.
The shadow slowly moves to his position. Will can see it more clearly. His hands were covered in scars and bruises. The tunic was painted in red blood. A sweet scent almost recognizable from the distance. Will is staying still. Even if his life is in complete danger.

The shadow suddenly stabs his right shoulder. Will was hiding in a bush so his coat almost got stuck on a spike of the bush. He whimpers and falls to the floor. The man with the tunic moves rapidly, but Will dodges his next attack. He punches the man hard in the face. He backs away from Will. Fury is visible on his face. His knuckles tensing, his hands on fists. He runs to Will and takes him to the ground. One of the man's knives stabbed again on his shoulder.
Will squeals in pain, blood oozing out the wound. Will bites the man's hand enough to draw out blood. He rolls them over and with a knife, he tries to stab the man in the eye. But he was intelligent enough to know WIll's next move and he rolls out of Will's sight.
Will holds his stabbed shoulder tight. His eyes dart around the road. The leaves of the trees rustled, the cold wind on his face. His breathing is heavy and he curses under his breath when he sees the same man coming for him again. Will holds his knife tight and stabs the man in the leg. He squeals in pain and stabs Will in the back.

It's as if they were playing a game. Trying to see who harms the other the last.

Will growls at the man. "What do you want from me?!" No response. The moon seems to be made of blood for him. Pure red. His vision was weak. He feels the blood from his shoulder and back oozing out in streams.
He breathes deeply. His eyes shone with a deep red. He looks dangerous even though he isn't as much as the man who tried to attack him. Will tackles the man to the ground and punches him multiple times. Blood falls and spurts onto his white shirt. He looks like a serial killer on his best killing spree.

But Will doesn't count on what would happen next. He hears another loud bang. But his ears are hurting, ringing constantly. Then he stares down. His- his chest... It's all... Bloody.

The man indeed has shot him. Will's head is spinning, his vision turning to black, he wishes that all of this was a dream. He falls to the floor. And the last thing he sees is the man taking his hoodie off. Well, tidied-up hair and his maroon eyes also glimmering with that hatred that Will could feel before.

Then all cut to black.

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Oh lord... He just stares at the man who he has almost killed. The brunette's chest is still raising, which means he is still breathing. It's indeed beautiful. A new sacrifice, for the Great Red Dragon...
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He takes off his tunic and places it over Will's chest. Then he takes the lamb and places it over Will's body. The man takes off his shoes and places them in his hands. He smiles. "We will thank the Great Red Dragon for this meal. He will feed me, and all of the followers of the Lord Dragon." He takes out his knife and makes a horizontal cut on the lamb's neck. A rich, dark red liquid oozed from it. He takes the lamb's body and places it on the ground. Then he takes a cup of water and splashes it over Will's face. He kneels and looks at Will's eyes. The man smiles. "Now it's the brunette's turn." His knife glimmered in the dark of the room. The knife is suspended in the air. The man in the tunic stares at the brunette's eyes and the public's eyes. He suddenly feels his wrist go numb. The brunette's blue eyes stay there, without any signs of life. Just his chest raising slowly. He stands up and takes his tunic. He looks around him. The rain is still pouring. He takes a deep breath and says: "I'm sorry, I can't sacrifice him..."

The whole cult had surprised expressions in their eyes. A dark-haired girl stood up with permission. "What do you mean, master? He's the sacrifice. You've never said no to a sacrifice for our dear Lord The Red Dragon." Her voice has a hint of fear, but either way, she asks.
"I know I never negated the sacrifices. But this boy..." He stares at Will... His eyes glimmering. "He will be useful for us."

The girl in the crowd nodded in approval. "Okay then. I am afraid the meeting is finished. Everyone may go for a new sacrifice next Sunday. May Lord The Great Red Dragon go with you. And may his force, give you force to keep living."
With that, the man in the tunic dismisses the meeting and the cult members leave the dark room.
The man kneels in front of Will. He can see his empathy in his eyes. He will be useful. The

hidden talent he has, that the man in the tunic knows he has.

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When Will wakes up, he's lying on a lush mattress, with some soft blankets over him. The room smells like lavender, and there are flowers in pots. The room is dark, and only the dim light of the candles illuminated him. Will panics, but he feels as if this was some sort of dream. It is too good to be real.
Then, the same shadow appears, the man with the tunic kneels in front of Will, who whimpers in pain. Then he remembers...

The wound...

The wound on his shoulder. He goes there to touch. Expecting it to keep bleeding.

But, there's nothing there. Not even a scar. The man with the tunic smiles, and says "I healed you, Will. I'm glad to see you awake." Will looks at him and his eyes widen. He knew this man, but he couldn't remember from where.

"You... you saved me... And attacked me earlier... Why?" Will says, still dazed. The man nods, and his eyes glimmer. "I did. But you are here now, and I expect much from you. You have great potential, and I want you to use it." Will looks at him, confused. The man smiles and stands up. "I'm the leader of the cult of The Great Red Dragon. You are part of it, now. You are one of us."

Will tilts his head. "That didn't answer my question."

The man in the tunic chuckles. "Yes, Indeed I attacked you... You were going to be a sacrifice for our lord The Great Red Dragon. But then..." The man strokes Will's cheek gently. Will audibly gulps, scared. "I saw that empathy in your eyes... I saw that potential... I saw you."

Will takes his time to think about what the man just said to him. "My potential?! What do you mean? Like- minutes ago you tried to kill me!" Will shouts.

The man shushes him. "That was the past. This is the present. You can help us, help my people with your empathy. With your potential, your power. The power the Lord has given you."
"The power the lord has given me? I'm sorry. I don't want to be part of your cult- Where is my coat...?" Will moves his head around the place. The man sighs.

"You can't just leave. Just- let's introduce ourselves. I'm Hannibal. The master of the Great Red Dragon cult. As you see, I am a very organized person and I couldn't quite take my eyes off you." Hannibal smirks, he takes out his hood, showing his very tidy blonde-greyish hair.

"What's your name, brunette?" He asks, with gentleness. Will stares at Hannibal in disbelief. "I'm, I'm Will- Well... Now that we're introduced, may I go home? I'm starving." Will says. Hannibal's eyes widen.

"Oh, dear mongoose. I have food here if you'd like. The cult is open to help you if you're willing to help them."

Will groans. "May I eat something? Please." Will begs. He is indeed starving. Hannibal chuckles. "Okay, okay... here you have." The man in the tunic leaves the room and then comes back with some piece of cooked lamb.

Will doesn't even wait, he just devours with his hands. The juicy flesh between his teeth. Some of the blood oozed out his mouth. He hums, with more hunger. "That was... delicious. I hope you didn't choose to poison me."

"How would I poison my mongoose? As I said before, I need you. So I beg you to stay here. We have food and water for you. And maybe a place to stay. The only thing you must do is to serve the Lord Great Red Dragon, and you'll be free of your sins." Hannibal explains, his voice dripping with tenderness.

"So... you just... sacrifice people and lambs in a ritual or something like that? Or I am wrong?" When Will says that, Hannibal smirks. "Exactly! We sacrifice the soul of the animal or the person, and then we eat them and thank the Lord Great Red Dragon for the food."

Will has his eyes wide open. "Yes, dear Will. You were going to be our next dinner, but I'm afraid I saw something in you. Something special."

Will watches Hannibal as he explains, he's confused. Hannibal sighs. "I have the talent, as a master, to see inside the souls of everyone, I can see whether you're good to serve the Lord, or if you're dead meat."
Will is still confused. "Then... When you saw me and you were almost killing me. Or you almost killed me..." Will emphasized the last words.

"Why didn't you see this empathy in me when you were attacking me?" Will asks. Hannibal tilts his head. "It's a good question... It seems that my... instinct has failed. It never fails me...

You're a mysterious man, Will."

"Oh..."

Hannibal chuckles. "Nothing to be ashamed of, then, Will you join us?" Will stares at Hannibal when he does that question as if he was evaluating him. "No! Oh my god. I don't serve anyone. And you don't want me to serve the dragon or whatever you call it. You want to investigate and use me!" Will says. It's completely clear.

Hannibal indeed wants him, because he feels differently about him. A feeling that he has never felt. But he's too scared to tell Will about this. So he just negates. "I'm sorry, but it's not that... You're indeed a gorgeous and interesting specimen, but I need you to join our cult."

"To use me."

"No, to exchange services. You give us your empathy. The one I can see with my eyes, my soul. The one I completely feel inside you. And in return, I give you food, a place to stay, and a community." Hannibal says, desperate, he cannot let this boy go out of his claws.

"I'm sorry Hannibal. But I don't like people." Will finally finds his coat and puts it on. "Where's the exit?" He asks, indeed, Will is being rude.

"Dear Will, you don't have to like people. We can do private sessions to communicate with-" Will stops Hannibal there. "Okay! Shut up! I won't join you. And don't call me dear Will or whatever. It's weird." Will states. And Hannibal nods in approval. His fingers twitch nervously, and he plays with them. "I'm sorry. I assure you that anything you don't like I won't do it again."

Will grunts and his lip twiches upwards. "Where's? The. Exit." Will demands. Hannibal won't say it to him. So Will just jumps out of the window and rolls onto the floor, Hannibal, now with his tunic. He follows behind Will. Both run through the road, the dead city. Will has his hoodie on, his hand holding the gun tight. He runs, both of them as if they were suspended on dust, casting shadows fearing each other. Running away from their problems.

Will grunts as he climbs alleys, he runs as fast as he can. But Hannibal seems to be way faster than him. He is almost touching him. He stretches a hand to grab Will by his coat. But Will dodges him, jumping over a fence. Hannibal stays on the other side, staring at Will. "We will meet again... Indeed, we will meet again my mongoose."

Will stares at Hannibal from the distance. He can see the glimmer in his maroon eyes. How they drip with a deep red that's almost dangerous. He's a predator.
The rain falls over Hannibal's bangs, who is dedicated to watching Will leave until he disappears from his sight.

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They will meet again.

They Will.

Because they're meant to be one.

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Will's legs hurt from running, and he whimpers. Just. How could someone be so cruel? Hurt him, then treat him as if he was his child in only a day. How could someone, try to rape him? Indeed. If he truly wanted to rape Will, the window would be closed. But Hannibal was different. He simply couldn't sacrifice Will, he left that window open on purpose. He knew what was going to happen.

Will finds a place to stay the night, at least until the rain fades. He knows that Hannibal will be looking for him. And his stupid cult too. He maybe... He maybe will be sacrificed next time because of his rudeness. Or maybe, Hannibal will surprise him another time.
It's his tender heart opening just for Will? Or it's a way to capture prey? Will is completely terrified.

The next day, he finds something at his door. It's- It's a cooked lamb. A red cross on the lamb's forehead. And flowers surrounding the food. Will smiles. Indeed, this is Hannibal. He doesn't want his mongoose to starve.

Will enjoys the meal. Not even thinking about Hannibal. He wants to forget about it, he wants to forget Hannibal. Like if he never met him. They never knew each other. They never shared a piece of lamb with the Great Red Dragon cult. Hannibal never shot him.

Even though. Will can still feel the deep cuts on his shoulder. In some way, Hannibal marked him. The shot on his chest. It hurts when he breathed. That reminds him of how cruel Hannibal is.

While eating the lamb. Someone knocks at his door. Will looks through the window. Then he opens the door. "Alana? What are you doing here?" Will's eyes widen when he sees Alana. She's so pretty in this lighting, indeed, Will thinks she's a pretty woman.

"I just brought you flowers. I don't know if they're of your liking but..." Alana says, staring at Will's lips. "Yeah, they're fine." Will smiles at her. Come on, come inside, we must update each other." Alana follows Will inside and they both sit down on the couch.

"So... How have you been? Are those for me?" Will asks, his eyes staring at the flowers Alana brought. She nods. "Yes, I brought them for you as I said earlier."
Will chuckles. "Oh yeah, right... I forget things way too easily... I'm sorry." Will apologizes.

"It's okay Will... You know. In this world... The human race will die probably. After the pandemic... We have lost a lot of good people. But you're still alive Will. You're the only one I can rely on." Alana says.
Will nods. "I know, Alana. You're also the only one I can rely on." And with that. Alana just says. "I missed you."

Their foreheads touching. "I missed you too..." Will replies, joining their lips in a very passionate kiss.

Alana moans when Will takes control. He sits over her, with gentleness. Not wanting to hurt her. He wants her to feel him. How does she make him feel. Will undresses them both slowly. Enjoying the sensuality of the moment. He smirks. "I feel so many things about you now, Alana," Will confesses.

He fingers Alana so slowly, so tenderly. He enjoys the moans that leave her mouth. When he enters her, she's so wet. She's like an oasis in the middle of the desert. Will feels so good. She's so tight. He just rambles inside her. Alana begged for him to finish inside her. To conceive a child. To try to create a new life in this already dead world.

Will follows her orders. And does exactly what he asked.
"Oh fuck." Will curses. He had just cleaned himself in the shower. "How are you feeling? I'm sorry if the water in the shower is not good. It's rainwater. Because here it rains and snows a lot... You know. The mechanism is self-made. Water is freezing..."

Alana chuckles. "It's okay, Will." Will sits beside Alana. She kisses him, with a smile on her lips. Will smiles and leans into the kiss. "Oh god, you're everything I would want as a lover." Will laughs when he sees Alana blushing at his compliment.

He takes both of her hands in his. "I truly say it."

They both nod and go to sleep. Will sleeps contently. But he swears that he felt a somehow familiar presence when he was with Alana. Not even the feeling of sex takes the unsettling feeling of being watched by someone who felt an intense feeling of hatred towards them. When Will is sleeping... A weird dream manifests in his mind.

Animals were hanging in crosses, red crosses on their foreheads. The same red cross on the lamb he received by Hannibal yesterday, and days ago, and when he was doing the sacrifice. And in the piece of lamb Hannibal gave him to eat.
The animals were whimpering in pain, an electric storm approaching, the fury of someone, the death in person, an Apex predator. A god. A divine creature who was going for him. With a huge feeling of hatred, that just caused him to want to vomit.

When Will wakes up, Alana isn't by his side anymore. Yet, the same plate of lamb with the cross on its forehead appears at his door. Will takes it... And just eats it with gusto.

"Alana?" Will asks, he searches everywhere. No traces of Alana. He panics, but then he hears the door opening. "Will?" Alana's soft and tender voice speaks. When Will sees her, he kisses her forehead but. There is something different in her. There is a red cross on her forehead. Will stares at her, concerned. "Are you okay? You have a red cross on your forehead."

Alana stares at Will with confusion. "A red cross? No, I saw myself in the mirror earlier. There was no red cross, Will. It must be your imagination. Did you sleep well?" Alana asks. Will nods. "Yeah, I just. Had these visions. Dead animals with red crosses on their foreheads. Nothing important.

Alana takes his hands in hers and looks into his eyes. "Will, it's okay. It's okay to be scared and have nightmares. I understand. We can talk about it, or you can take some time for yourself to process it. Just remember, whatever it is, I'm here for you." Will nods and hugs Alana tightly. He feels safe in her arms, and the red crosses slowly fade away from his vision.

Will can't stop seeing animals with red crosses. Either they're roadkill, or they're dead animals. He can't help it...
He still thinks this is Hannibal's doing, his cult's doing, he is indeed planning something. Will sits by the meadow, the wind stroking his face.

He is trying to make sense of this, what the red crosses mean, and why he keeps seeing them. Suddenly, he notices a red cross painted on a tree. He looks closer, and he notices a pile of dead animals below the tree. He stands up and takes a few steps back - it's a warning, a warning from Hannibal.

Will is scared, but he knows he can't back down now. He takes a few deep breaths, and then

he walks back towards the tree. He takes a few more steps and he notices a piece of paper pinned to the tree. It reads: "You are being watched, Will. He is coming for you. Beware."

Will takes a step back and looks around as if he is expecting someone to appear out of nowhere. He knows this is not a coincidence, this is a warning. He knows he needs to be careful, he needs to keep his guard up. He takes one last look around before he turns and walks away, his heart pounding in his chest.

Will walked away from the tree, his heart still pounding in his chest. He was scared, but he knew he had to carry on. He had to find out what was going on and why Hannibal was targeting him. He walked for what felt like hours until he finally saw a small cabin in the distance.

He approached it cautiously, and when he got closer he saw that the door was open. "Hannibal?" Will's heart pounded hard in his chest. From the darkness, Hannibal appears and tackles Will on the ground.

Will and Hannibal faced off against each other in a dimly lit alley, the only light coming from the full moon above. Will had a knife in one hand and a gun in the other, while Hannibal had two knives.

Will was the first to move, lunging forward with his knife. Hannibal stepped back, deflecting the knife with one of his own. Will quickly followed up with a slash of his gun, but Hannibal spun away, narrowly avoiding it. Then Will feinted a shot with his gun, causing Hannibal to jump back.

As Hannibal was distracted, Will lunged forward with his knife and managed to slice his arm. Sweet blood dripped from the wound. Hannibal snarled in rage, lashing out with both of his knives. Will was barely able to dodge out of the way, but Hannibal managed to catch him in the shoulder with one of his knives. Will backed up, his shoulder throbbing, and he fired off a shot with his gun.

The bullet grazed Hannibal's arm, but he was still standing. He launched forward, knives whirling, but Will managed to duck out of the way. Will then took his chance and charged forward, but Hannibal was ready for him. He blocked Will's knife with one of his own and then slashed with his other knife. Will felt a sharp pain in his side and stumbled backward. Hannibal advanced on him, raising his knives for the final blow, but Will was quicker.

He fired off one more shot, catching Hannibal in the chest. Hannibal staggered backward and then collapsed to the ground.
Will stood over him, breathing heavily, as the fight was finally over.

Hannibal still breathed, he stares at Will then he said. "I am watching you, I can see your soul... I will follow you."

Will tilts his head and kneels. "Why? Why do you kill all of these animals? Why do you mark Alana? Why do you follow me?" He asks with concern.

Hannibal chuckles, "Because... you left me. That day you left me and I really wish you could understand me using your empathy..." With those words. Lighting streaks to the ground and it starts raining, Will stares in disbelief at where the lightning had struck and when he looks back at Hannibal. He's not there anymore.

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Alana greets Will with a kiss when he enters inside. "Will, dear, are you okay? You're bleeding." Will nods his head. "Yeah, yeah I'm okay." He covers his shoulder. "Shit, I already got stabbed there..." Will curses. Then he remembers the same red cross on her forehead.

Alana smiles warmly and puts a hand on Will's shoulder. "It's okay, Will. We'll get you patched up. Come over here and sit down. I'll get you some bandages and some antiseptic." She sits him down and starts to tend to his wound. "What happened, if you don't mind me asking?"
"I- I'm sorry Alana, you shouldn't worry about this..." Will sits down on the sofa, grunting.
Alana smiles slightly and shakes her head. "It's alright, Will. I'm here to help. Now, tell me what happened." She starts to bandage up his shoulder, being gentle as she works.

Will stares at Alana with love in his eyes. "It's just that... I just got into a fight. I'm okay." He says, taking a deep breath.
Alana nods, understanding. "It's alright, Will. I'm here to help. We'll get you all patched up soon enough. Just relax, alright?" She finishes bandaging his shoulder and applies some antiseptic. "There, all done. How's that feel?"
Will grunts and tilts his head. Good. Now, let's go to sleep. He kisses Alana's forehead and lays on the bed with her... He dreams...

A lamb, on a cross, red crosses all over. Hannibal whispered in his ear. "I can see you. I know what you're doing."

Will wakes up, but Alana is not by his side. "Alana! Alana! Where are you!" He searches, he looks around... When he goes out to the meadow. He sees it...

Alana is stuck up on an altar, she looks dead, the red cross shining with blood. Will falls to the floor on his knees, he can't contain himself... This is Hannibal's doing... He is filled with hatred when he sees it. Alana's belly is open, her guts are out, and her stomach is filled with

dead flowers. The base also has flowers, all of her blood, her guts, and her horrifying expression. It just hits Will's heart so hard. He almost can't contain himself from crying.

"Her belly was never fertile for your child."

Hannibal's voice echoes in the night. Will is filled with rage and sorrow. He wants to avenge Alana's death, but there is no way he can.

"You're a monster! What did you do!? What did you do to her!?" Will sobs, kneeling in front of her guts, he takes them crying.

"I gave her a chance for a new life, a chance to be free from you and your darkness. She embraced my fury, how I feel about you, how I feel about your abandonment. Now, it's all gone." Hannibal answers. "It's time for you to move on, Will. You must learn to accept that she is gone and find a way to live without her."

Will is filled with hatred for Hannibal. He doesn't thank him for his meals, he doesn't thank him that Hannibal praying for him before going to sleep. Will just punched Hannibal hard in the face.

The fight was intense, the rage burning brightly in both men as they fought for their lives. Hannibal lunged forward with a kick, his gaze filled with hatred for Will. Will quickly blocked it with his arm and retaliated with a punch to Hannibal's face. Hannibal stumbled back, rage in his eyes and a trickle of blood from his nose.ç

Will pressed his advantage, unleashing a flurry of punches, each one more powerful than the last. Hannibal tried to defend himself, but he was no match for Will's ferocity and primal hunger. Hannibal staggered backward, his face a bloody mess and his breath coming in short, ragged gasps. But Will wasn't done yet. He grabbed Hannibal by the collar and threw him to the ground, then pinned him down, straddling him.
Hannibal thrashed and struggled, but Will's grip was too strong. With a final burst of fury, Will slammed his fist into Hannibal's face with a sickening crunch, and Hannibal's head snapped back, unconscious. Will stood up, breathing heavily.

He looked down at the bloody, battered form of Hannibal and knew he had won... He didn't feel a slight glimpse of remorse. Anything. He didn't feel sorry for Hannibal.
But Hannibal seemed to never rest, he just lay there and smiled at Will, even if Hannibal is almost defeated, Will doesn't expect what will happen next.
Hannibal stands up from the ground. His hands are all bloody. His tunic too. His eyes filled with hatred almost killing Will with his glance.

Hannibal moved first, executing a punch that sent Will staggering backward. Will,

determined to stay in the fight, managed to dodge a second punch from Hannibal. Will then retaliated with a kick to Hannibal's torso, but Hannibal blocked it with his arm, preventing any real damage.
Hannibal then quickly followed up with a right hook to Will's face, making contact and sending Will staggering back. Will managed to stay standing, but he was clearly disoriented. Hannibal punched Will, hard. Sending him to the ground. Hannibal stood over him, victorious, a knife in his hand, then he says. "I'm sorry Will, but I'm afraid I don't want to do this."

"Why did you do this to me, Hannibal?" Will whimpers in pain. "Why?"

Hannibal stares at Will with tenderness. "I did it because I felt as if we had something special. Now I hate you so much, you were rude to me. I even offered you meals every single day. But you always ignored the fact that it was me who brought you the food, I had to make you notice me. When I knew about Alana, I was filled with rage but... Leaving the cult aside, dear Will. You're the mongoose I want, the only one I want with me. I don't want to share you with anyone else." Hannibal tries to explain. "I- I feel some sort of way when I'm with you. I have never felt this way before."

Will stares at Hannibal, eyes wide open. "What?"

Hannibal nods. "I'm sorry. I feel horrible for Alana, but I had to make you notice me." Hannibal says it as if what he had just done was correct.

"Hannibal... What you did is horrible! You know, she had my child!" Will cries in pain, not only for what Hannibal had done physically to his body. But mentally.

"Will..." Hannibal takes WIll's hands in his. "I'm sorry for what I've done. I forgive you for being with Alana when you certainly did know that you were made for me and just for me. Will you forgive me for what I did to her and your child?" Hannibal asks.

Will shakes his head. "What you did to Alana is a sin. I won't forgive you. You killed my child. But. Hannibal... If you feel something for me. Why didn't you tell me?" Will asks a bit of concern in his voice.

"I'm sorry, I just. I felt like a coward. You wouldn't listen to me unless I did something. And now I feel like wanting to undo everything I did. I'm sorry I punched you and tried to kill you like three times. But, my dear mongoose... These feelings may be very intense for me... Will you understand me? Will you use your empathy with me?" Hannibal tilts his head.

Will stares into Hannibal's eyes. Indeed, Hannibal is more beast than man when you meet him. But Will still feels that empathy. And that shared feeling. He just nods. "I used my

empathy on you. I see you now, Hannibal. I can't quite tell you that I feel something special for you, but I can see how you feel towards me... And it's burning like a fire."
Hannibal sighs, "I can understand your rage. But please try to feel the same way as I do for you." He stands up, leaving Will on the floor.

"I really should have let you live with her. She looked like a good person. But not enough for you." Hannibal places his hood on. It starts raining again. Will whimpers. "You consider her as 'not good enough?' do you consider yourself good enough for me?" Will asks.
Hannibal tilts his head and stares at Will's eyes with comprehension. "Indeed, she wasn't good enough. But I am." Hanibal states proudly.
Will snarls. "What makes you think that you were better than her?" He asks, sitting up, his muscles too sore to listen to him.

Hannibal stares at the corpse of Alana, his face filled with disgust. "I honestly feel that she was going to be a horrible wife, Will. I saw into her soul and her intentions were no good."
Will stares at Hannibal, again, with hatred in his eyes.

"So you just, say that her intentions were no good because she was going to take me away from you? So you just- You made her feel your pain? I see you again and you're truly a monster, Hannibal. Even if her intentions were no good, at least she wouldn't kill another person because she just felt jealous."

Hannibal growls. "I'm not jealous. I wasn't jealous." He lies to Will, the words hurt when he leaves them out of his mouth.

Will stares at Hannibal, he feels his nose bleeding. His hand goes there to wipe the blood out. "You're a liar. A filthy liar. You hurt me because you were jealous."

Hannibal's face twists into hatred. He stares at Will deep in the eye. A deadly glance.
"I should have killed you at the altar, I shouldn't have spared your life."
...
Silence, also hit Will too hard in his heart. Breathing becoming a difficult task for Will. He just wants to die... To close his eyes and forget about everything. "You should have killed me, Hannibal. No wonder a weak beast like you did that." Will finally stands up, his feet are sore. He shakes his coat gently, the stuck leaves falling to the ground.

Hannibal sighs. He's tired of everything.

"I- Yes I should have, I am dumb. That poor lamb shouldn't have died in your place."
Hannibal's expression is neutral, he just stares at his feet.

Will is confused, and maybe... Surprised? Will smiles at Hannibal. "How many. How many lambs have you been killing for me? How many visions have you been giving to me?" Will

asks.

"They were never enough for you to notice me..." Hannibal says in a weak voice. "You would never listen..."
Will's gaze is still filled with hatred. But he just... smiles weakly under the mask he's wearing. He approaches Hannibal slowly. "I did notice you. Because I thought of you. But I ignored your signals. My fatal error too. But you didn't have to kill Alana to gain my attention. Because you already had it."
Hannibal tilts his head in confusion.

"I wanted to be with Alana just to forget you. As rude as this sounds. I didn't quite love her. I just followed her game." Will takes off Hannibal's hood and strokes his hair.

"Really?" He says in disbelief. And Will nods softly. "I never quite felt understood by someone. You understand me. I understand you. I never had any expectations, never felt complete. But you're truly everything to me, Will. I was just, desperate? I'm sorry It's just dumb. I have killed her." Hannibal says.

Will smiles so softly at Hannibal. "You said you have the ability to see if people were worth it or not. Am I worth it?" Will asks. Hannibal nods at Will's question.

His head moved so tenderly.

Will just needed those words to kiss Hannibal. Who can taste Will's blood in his mouth He just leans in, and all of their wounds didn't hurt anymore.

They were. Perfect?

Will just wanted to express his feelings other than with violence.

"I'm sorry, dear Will. You can live with us, with the cult. But I won't make you do anything you don't want to." Hannibal's tender touch on Will's skin is so soft and loving.

So tender.

That Hannibal's fingers wash away his own tears.

"We will try to honor your dead child... I will try to honor them.

Even if I killed your child, I will honor their death." Hannibal says, his words aren't nice for Will, it just fills him with pure hatred. But he still hugs Hannibal on the floor. Kissing him. Trying to express his emotions rather than using violence.

Will is crying. He cries so softly, so tender... So loving. "I love you, Will," Hannibal says. "I love you too, Hannibal... And it scares me so much I freak out every single time that thought goes through my head."

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Months later. Hannibal has let the cult. He isn't a master now. Beverly is. She is a good leader. She will do well.

Now, Hannibal and Will are laying in the meadow, watching the new flowers sprout, there is hope that in this dead world, new life would sprout. Their hands' touch.

"It's perfect."

"It's beautiful."

Will kisses Hannibal so softly. And they lay, the world being perfect.

And Will finally forgave Hannibal for his sins. Because he truly loves this man and wishes to spend eternity with him forever.

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